

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
October 1928 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*



American albums are enjoyed from Albania to Estonia



BALLAD OF DISCOVERY

BY FRANCES HIGGINS

Illustration by
Enid Hoeglund

Sing, Heigh! sing, Ho! that long ago
Three ships sailed forth from Spain,
Sailed from the port of Palos O
Into the unknown main,
Sailed westward through the waters O
Far eastern lands to gain.

It was the third of August O,
The hour before the dawn,
That they set forth in that gray sea
Whither no man had gone,
Set forth so bold and dauntless O
To prove the earth was round.

*Sing one, sing all, the Pinta small,
The swiftest of the three,
Leading the way by night and day
Across that unknown sea.*

One month they sailed, two months and then
A week and then a day,
While dense and dreadful ocean mists
Beset their westward way;
While fear smote every sailor's heart
And made him humbly pray.

Praise to the gallant Admiral
Who turned not back to Spain,
When days were dark and waters wild
And sailors all were fain,
But dauntlessly sailed on and on
Across that unknown main.

*Sing, everyone, the galleon,
Santa Maria true,
Following fast through ocean vast
With Admiral and crew.*

A light they saw, a flying bird,
A floating reed and spear,
Then hopefully sailed westward O,
Forgetting every fear,
Then joyfully sailed westward O,
Knowing that land was near.

Sing, Heigh! sing, Ho! that sailing so
That bright October day,
Sounding the "Salve" joyfully,
Rearing the banners gay,
They found our own fair country O
Across their westward way.

*Sing, all of you, the Nina, too,
Last of the famous three,
Keeping the pace across the space
Till our green shores they see.*

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The October News in the School

Classroom Analysis of Contents

Auditorium Material for Special Days:

For *Columbus Day*, there is "A Ballad of Discovery," and the letter to Italy quoted on the editorial page; for *Hallowe'en*, "The Old Witch in the Pine-wood"; for *Junior Red Cross assemblies*, the account of "Junior Meetings and Programs."

In connection with *Columbus Day* exercises, you may wish to set pupils on the trail of discovery of other great Italians who have contributed to world progress: Marconi, the inventor, and Grassi, the scientist who identified the mosquito that carries the malaria germ.

• It may be that you will be talking and reading of the very early explorations of the Vikings, and of that age when, "as the earth grew older, men thought less of fighting one another like wild beasts and began to long for knowledge of the world they lived in." The *Swords of the Vikings*, by Julia Davis Adams (E. P. Dutton, New York), will give your pupils a feeling for those days when men sailed on the seas to the underworld and world-to-come as easily as to unheard-of lands of our own world; days when giants inhabited the world that is, and the children of men fought with and overcame the gods, who, "nevertheless were not true gods, only folk called them so." The spirit of that age, as it seems to us looking back, is expressed in the last picture, a color illustration by Suzanne Lassen, for the final sentence—"So passed King Hagen, on his flaming ship, out of the knowledge of men, into the open ocean, and the long blue summer night." So the passing of Columbus must have seemed for weary months; so, for long hours in our own time, seem the passing of a Lindbergh and other brave adventurers in the air.

Teachers coaching *assembly periods for Junior Red Cross* will welcome a number of new volumes containing helpful material.

What to Do for Uncle Sam, by Caroline Sherwin Bailey (A. Flanagan Co., Chicago), tells of various types of civic services made possible by the Junior Red Cross. The book is an attractive "first book of citizenship" for younger children and explains opportunities for health, thrift, conservation, kindness to animals, patriotic holidays, welfare work, safety and community betterment.

Living English for Junior High Schools, by Howard R. Driggs (University Publishing Co., Chicago and New York), outlines an original assembly program for the "Young Citizens' Club" and discusses the use of international correspondence in composition work.

Studies in Conduct, by Hague, Chalmers, and Kelly (University Publishing Co.), contains a well told story of Clara Barton's life and another story of a school assembly program built about a gift of currants received from children of Greece.

New Plays for Every Day the Schools Celebrate, by Minnie Niemeier, Assistant Principal, New York City Public Schools, and *New Pieces for Every Day the Schools Celebrate*, by Deming and Bemis (Noble and Noble, New York City), are

companion volumes. They are particularly useful in preparing special assemblies, including Red Cross programs. The Junior Red Cross pageant in *New Plays* bears the mark of actual experience; even the forbidden chocolates in the Christmas boxes are sadly authentic. In the Red Cross section of *New Pieces* one finds poetic and prose utterances by many well known modern poets. The inclusion of a poem on Christmas Seals in the Red Cross group is rather too bad, for it will perpetuate a stubborn confusion; but the poem itself is excellent and should be remembered when the annual drive of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association is on. Of the Red Cross poems the majority deal with wartime service of the medical and nursing corps, but many of them are equally applicable in days of natural calamity. A note of prophecy and deep interpretation of the spirit is struck even in the war period poems, as in "The Three Crosses," by Edmund Vance Cooke—

"The iron cross is black as death and hard as human hate;
The wooden cross is white and still and whispers us 'Too late';
But the Red Cross sings of life and love and hearts regenerate."

Citizenship:

The editorial on "Your Promise" and the "News of Juniors" will interest classes in citizenship. Six and one-half million people busy being friendly and useful would make more than a passing ripple in happiness.

Geography and World History:

Albania—boy on the cover; *England*—"The Luck of Muncaster," and "The Children's Theatre of London"; *Estonia*—girl on the cover; *France*—"Presence of Mind," "Map That Covers a Hill" (of interest to people making sand table maps and also a suggestion for supervised playground activity); *Italy*—see Auditorium, above; *Roumania*—Back cover. An account of a National Children's Fund project just now being completed will be found on page 4 of this GUIDE.

A number of books may be of interest in connection with the pictures on the back cover and with this month's CALENDAR illustration.

Greater Roumania, by Charles Upson Clark, is a scholarly reference for teachers. Chapters of obvious interest are: 22, on "Peasant Arts," including a discussion of Roumanian Easter eggs; 23, on "Peasants"; 29, on "The Work of the American Red Cross in Roumania." *An American in the Making*, by E. M. Ravage, is the vivid story of a Roumanian immigrant. It illuminates better than many volumes on Roumania itself the background of quiet culture against which noisy America was seen. An American understands his own country better, seeing it through this writer's clear, often twinkling eyes; the Midlander comes to understand alien New York with deeper sympathy and to smile with mingled pride and humor over Missouri. A group of Roumanian fairy

(Continued on page 3)

Developing Calendar Activities for October

A Social Survey of Local Institutions

IN THE JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS a year ago, October, 1927, there was an interesting account of the city-wide survey of local institutions made by Junior Red Cross committees of Utica, New York. Since that time the Junior Red Cross Council of Syracuse, New York, has carried out a similar plan, preparing the way for intelligent effort. Where there is a Council of Juniors or where a Civics Department is interested in undertaking such a survey, the project gives the soundest kind of social training and is one of the best ways to make pupils feel that the program is their own and not an adult affair.

Friendship for Elderly People—a Story of Results

THERE have been many pleasing stories of activities in behalf of elderly friends. In Elizabeth, New Jersey, Junior Red Cross members visited a home for aged women and took gifts. Members in Salem, Massachusetts, sent aged men and women attractive Christmas place cards. Juniors of the Hildreth School, Marlboro, Massachusetts, made May baskets and filled them with peppermints for friends in the home for aged people—all of whom are eighty years old.

One of the most delightful instances of friendship for the elderly resulted from the Social Survey of Utica. The story of results there was sent by Ella B. Gage, Red Cross Executive Secretary in that city. She wrote:

"Two Juniors from Seymour School and two from Miller went to the Old Ladies' Home on Faxon Street with one of our Junior Red Cross Committee members to make the Junior Survey, taking their questionnaire with them. While making the rounds and visiting the different rooms some of the old ladies told the Juniors of having just had an entertainment from children in one of the Sunday Schools, and how much they had enjoyed it, and that they loved to see the children. This was a suggestion for our Juniors, and the two from Seymour began to take stock of the school talent. These two were playing duets together, and a little boy, Welsh, in their school was quite a talented piano player. They talked the idea over with their principal very soon and she became interested at once, fell in with their plans and suggested that a little play (one of the Junior Red Cross plays from the News) which had been given for Hallowe'en at the school might be repeated for the old ladies. Then the principal called me up to see if I would make the necessary arrangements. I took the Red Cross Ford full of Juniors, a truck came for the rest, and we all went up to the Home on a pouring rainy day. Two of the teachers came to help, and the entertainment went off very nicely. The old ladies crowded round the children afterward, saying 'O, thank you children,' 'Why can't you come soon again?' 'It was not nearly long enough.' Listening to them and seeing their faces so interested, it seemed to me to be a very lovely thing that the Juniors had done.

"The committee member, who is the mother of one of the Seymour Juniors, said that the children talked much about their visit to the Home and were full of plans to do something for the old ladies. The initiative was all with the Juniors themselves; they responded at once to the longing of the old people for the company of children, and the entertainment was the result.

"Two Juniors from Lincoln School went with me to the Old Ladies' Home at St. Lukes. The superintendent showed us everything all over the Home. The old ladies were lovely, so cordial and sweet and pleasant. They asked with a smile

if 'these little girls did not play the piano?' and said that they loved to have children visit them, and 'could they come over some evening for a little while?' The Juniors filled out their questionnaire and we left, but before I was out of hearing distance I heard the two discussing plans for going to the Home, and giving an entertainment. 'You can play the piano, Dorothy, and I sing and Johnny Jones recites . . . ' and so it ended in the Juniors reporting at the next Council meeting that Lincoln School had given an entertainment for the St. Luke's old ladies.

"The principal of Lincoln says that she considers this contact with old people very valuable for the children in her school. They can learn a sympathy and understanding for the old in this way when they have no old people in their own homes, and it should help them to be nicer to the old people who may be in their own homes. She thinks that the children of today need just this sort of thing.

"My third and last story, for we have only three old people's homes, concerns Whitesboro High School and Yorkville grade school. One girl from each school visited the Old Couples' Home with me. They went into all the bedrooms and talked with the old ladies and men and looked at their fancy work and admired the furniture and the pictures which they had brought from their homes. We talked generally of doing something for the old people on the way home but some weeks later the Juniors from Whitesboro called me by telephone to ask if I would attend an entertainment which she and some of her school class were having at the home. When I arrived there was the usual excitement of 'making up' and the girls were taking it all very seriously, afraid that they would forget their lines, nervous about appearing before a strange public.

"They had arranged quite a varied program: first a short, amusing play which four girls had given in the Whitesboro School, then piano solos, singing, duets, and solo dances in costume by smaller children. The little girl in fluffy skirts, doing the Charleston, made quite a hit with the old men.

"In each case, the Juniors planned the parties and then went to their teachers for permission and advice. It was much more interesting and of greater value in the development of the children that their good deeds came from an inward urge—the result of the unconscious appeal of the old people. I think one of the most valuable reactions to the survey which the Juniors made was this kindling of their imaginations.

"If a preliminary survey had not been made as a project of the Junior Council, as it was done in our Chapter, then I would suggest that any individual school, planning to give an entertainment for the old people, would first send representatives to visit a Home so that the Juniors could enter into the plan and intelligently make suggestions and have a vital part in it all."

Calendars

Others deck their calendars with wisdoms that were said Years or centuries ago by wise men who are dead, But you and I, we know, ourselves, if skies are gray or blue, A Calendar of Useful Days, and live it as we go, Dating not by maxims but by friendly deeds instead. Our lives shall make it grow.

Others write their calendars of wise things people say And number all the days to help the stupid find their way. But you and I, we know, ourselves, if skies are gray or blue, And we will build our Calendar of Happy Things to Do—
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Yes, and Sunday, too!

Every month of every year, all along the way—
January, February, March, April, May, June, July, and August—so, our Calendar will run;
Every week of every month until our lives are done,
Every day of every week and hour of every day
A living, joyous one!

—R. E. H.

The Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

Helping in the Crusade Against Illiteracy

IF THERE is a problem of adult illiteracy in your community, there are a number of things that your pupils can do to help. Besides following the suggestions on the CALENDAR, they may learn the story of the crusade against illiteracy to tell their friends. They may interest adults who cannot read and write in joining a class, or may put them in touch with instruction they can have at home. They may teach one or more themselves. There may be opportunities among servants in their own homes, among neighbors, tenants, employees in nearby factories, school or church janitors or perhaps aged relatives who would like to learn to read the Bible. Information about materials that make it very easy to learn may be obtained by addressing the National Illiteracy Crusade, American Red Cross Building, Washington, D. C. One interesting new piece of material is a reader for mothers. It teaches reading and writing in connection with those home problems in which every mother is interested and in teaching it gives many hints about preparation of nutritious meals and simple beautification of the home.

Activities Programs in Moderate-Sized Schools

THE Primary Supervisor of the Gainesville, Florida, Schools has reported a well-rounded program that emphasizes doing on the part of the children:

"The Junior Red Cross was organized with twenty teachers and 615 pupils enrolled. The first month was Enrollment Month. Although no membership dues are required, the subscription to the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS being the only expense, we felt that we might need money later to carry on our work and so we decided to have a Service Fund in each room. This fund was made up of real earnings by actual service. Each child tried to contribute a nickel not given by father or mother. As he paid his fee, he told how he earned it. It was very hard for some of the children to earn the money.

"Each room organized and elected officers. We gave all kinds of help at home. Some washed dishes; some cared for baby; some ran errands; some practiced and studied without grumbling; some raked the yard. A little boy in the first grade washed the baby's clothes and several collected milk bottles in tourists' camps. Everyone tried to be neat and tidy in the school room and to beautify the school rooms by growing plants in window boxes. The West Side School had some pretty flower beds and sent flowers to sick children and friends as well as using them in the school. Pupils of one room earned their buttons by having better behavior.

"All tried hard to keep the health rules and each room had a daily health chart.

"Some of the rooms made collections of stamps. Some of the 4th Grade Juniors took all the care of the rest rooms. Some classes studied birds in order to protect them better and made a lot of bird houses. All remembered to sing the Red Cross song in Chapel and to read the magazine.

"Last year's 4th Grade becomes this year's 5th Grade, well trained to carry on the work. This year's 1st Grade children will begin the work and learn how to be helpful, enjoying it as much as we have done.

"Two projects carried through the year were the sending of gifts to the State Farm Colony for the Feeble Minded and to the disabled soldiers at Lake City. In practically every room

some special article was made at Christmas time for these two institutions. The school tree was donated to the Farm Colony and the school agreed unanimously that the management of the Colony could depend upon it every year for a tree. Next year we hope to have a more beautiful tree to send laden with simple gifts, work of loving little hearts and willing little fingers. At Valentine pupils made place cards for the hospital at Lake City and bought Valentines that were sent to Farm Colony."

Sharing the Fragrance of Woods

MEMBERS of the Junior Red Cross in Farmington, Maine, apparently know how to use material at hand. They made little pillows of balsam needles and sent these to a Home for the Aged. Would it be a good assignment to ask your pupils to play a game of "I Spy" for a week, looking about their neighborhood to discover what they have there that might, if shared, bring special pleasure to others? The reports at the end of the week should bring out many ideas—all the better for coming from the children themselves.

88 Things to Play

THE little booklet, *88 Successful Play Activities*, issued by the Playground and Recreation Association of America, will be found most helpful. It contains instructions for competitive handcraft work, old time games, art, music and dramatic events, exhibits, and athletic activities. It is a compact little book, of a size to slip into a pocket or handbag, and sells for 60 cents. The address of the Playground Association is 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

"Adding the Vision, the Dream"

IF YOUR pupils have not already started on their International Correspondence for the year, they will doubtless be making the start before this month is over. What it may mean in many communities is expressed by a County Superintendent of Schools, Boundary County, Idaho, in a letter sent to the Branch Office:

"The wonderful gift box from the Greek School was truly exquisite. There is a real lesson to be learned from foreign children. We use such handsome materials rather carelessly—they use inexpensive materials but produce a work of art. You can never know what the Junior Red Cross means in my work. It adds the vision, the dream, to what seems to the children a restricted life full of technical drudgery."

Geography and World History

(Continued from page 1)

tales will be found in the volume *Turkish Fairy Tales* collected by Dr. Ignacz Kunos and translated by R. Nisbet Bain. A volume of *Folk Songs* collected from among the peasants by Helene Vacaresco and translated by "Carmen Sylva" (Queen Elizabeth) and Alma Stettrell, takes the outsider into the heart of the people who made the songs. Children will enjoy the beautiful harvest song "Hay," the poignant song-narratives of "The Orphan," "The Widow," "The Flower Child," "The Road to Prison," "The Gipsy Song," "The Song of the Old Well," and "The Stranger."

Fitness for Service for October

Working Together with Juniors of Other Lands

TO INCREASE the sum of good health, of "fitness for service," throughout the great, big, and not altogether beautiful world, is a far aim for children; but members of the Junior Red Cross are not only aiming, they are hitting their mark. This issue of the *News* carries a note, on the back cover, about a health demonstration launched by means of the National Children's Fund in the Ferdinand School of Roumania. Last year saw another similar project rounded out, when \$1,000, the accumulated gift of two years, made possible the completion of another health demonstration center for children in the village of Liteni. A report on the project, made last year, said:

"The building which has been erected for the school clinic and Health Demonstration stands there unfinished and useless, the local people, aided by the Roumanian Red Cross, having exhausted their efforts upon it. . . . The gift from the National Children's Fund will be used to complete the building. The Roumanian Red Cross intends to place a commemorative plaque in the building on which the names of principal donors will be inscribed, among these the Roumanian Red Cross, the Roumanian Junior Red Cross, and the American Junior Red Cross. The operating expenses of the little Health Center, once the plant is in order, will be met locally and it will help the Junior Red Cross in the Falticeni District to have this center to work for."

So American Juniors can think happily of that plaque which bears the record of their partnership and of a deeper record in the hearts of their schoolmates and fellow members in the Roumanian Junior Red Cross. The story of the Bulgarian canteen, in this issue of the *News*, is another instance of the continuing fulfillment of that part of the Junior Red Cross pledge which reads:

"We believe in health of mind and body to fit us for better service, . . . and will work together with Juniors everywhere in our own and other lands."

Special Health Activities

THE activities listed on this month's *CALENDAR* page suggest the opportunities opened through the Red Cross Health Services. Schools interested in special courses in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick, in Nutrition, in First Aid, or in Life Saving, should communicate with their National or Branch offices, to learn of the local provisions for instruction and of the requirements for certificates. If you have a Junior Red Cross Chairman or a local Red Cross Chapter, you can obtain information there without waiting to write for it.

Useful material and information on safety study and practice can be obtained through the National Safety Council, 168 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Sunshine and Fresh Air

WHEN Dr. Wm. R. Redden, until very recently the National Medical Officer of the American Red Cross (and a loved officer), read the manuscript copy of the *CALENDAR*, he made the following concise and useful comment:

"I have only one or two slight suggestions to make. One is that it would be a good project to have almost any grade child find out the three essentials for good ventilation—(1) circulation of the air with the window open top and bottom;

(2) proper temperature of air, 68 degrees; (3) humidity between 35 and 50, or the same as that outdoors from October till June."

Making sand screens and curtains to soften the light has been a useful activity in the Southwestern Indian schools.

Outdoor and Indoor Fun

THE Daniels School of Centerville, Michigan, writing to schoolmates abroad described outdoor and indoor recreation enjoyed by them. There may be some suggestions that your pupils have not thought of in this letter.

"Our school is about five and one-half miles south of Centerville, Michigan. We have a large school ground. It has a baseball diamond on it. There are four trees; two are oak, and the other two are hickory trees. We play baseball; Pom-Pom, Pull-away; Prisoners' Base, and other games.

"There is one house near the schoolhouse and the next nearest is half a mile away. The schoolhouse is near a community house and a lake, called Klinger Lake. It is beautiful, and across from it is a very pretty woods. The children go into it and pick flowers. We gather many flowers such as violets, Solomon Seal, and dogwood.

"We have seventeen pupils and eight grades in our school. It is a rural school. We have posters on the wall such as health posters and good English posters. There are eighteen seats for pupils. Our library contains about one hundred and seventy books. We have an organ and a victrola which we play when we march out at recess and noon.

"When it rains so we can't go out to play, we play indoors. One of the games we play is 'Upset the animal cage.' You might be interested to know how it is played. One pupil gives the others names of animals, then one takes 'It' and calls two names of animals. The two having these names have to change seats, but if the leader gets one of the seats before one of the other ones does, the one that is left out is 'It.' When the one that is 'It' says 'Upset the animal cage,' they all have to move into another seat. The one that has no seat is 'It' for the next time."

In Bulgaria

IN CONNECTION with the story in this issue of the *News* about the Bulgarian canteen financed by the National Children's Fund, the children may enjoy learning to play the picturesque game of "Slaves," described in a letter from Pirdop, Bulgaria, to a school in Tuttle, Idaho.

"DEAR FRIENDS:

"We received your letters and we thank you very much. It was a great pleasure to read your lovely games which we are beginning to play. We also have many games, the most favorite of which are: Slaves, skipping, ball, and hide-and-seek. I shall describe to you the game *Slaves*. It is played this way. All the children stand in a group. Two of them are chosen for kings. The rest arrange themselves in twos and are named after various things. For example one couple is sky and earth, and another fish and dog. Then two by two they go to the one king first, then to the other, asking them quietly in turn: 'What would you have, O King? Sky or earth?' The king chooses one of the names. Then the child named that way goes to the side of that king and the other child goes to the other king. This continues until all the children have been chosen. Then both groups stand 50-60 feet apart in two straight lines. Then they throw a ball to each other. If one of the group catches the ball, the one who throws it is a slave to the other group. If in return the second group can catch the ball, the slave comes back to the first group. This continues until all the children of one group become slaves of the other. This is one of the games we play most.

"Kind greetings from your Junior friends,

"SIMEON BADAUR."

The Luck of Muncaster

An Episode of the Wars of the Roses

THROUGH the windy twilight a fugitive king sought shelter. It was Henry VI of England, fleeing from a battlefield on which his forces had been routed. He had become separated from his followers and did not know whether his wife and son had been killed or captured, or whether they, too, had been able to escape. Somewhere on these downs, he knew, were the friendly castle of Muncaster and the loyal heart of Sir John Pennington, its master.

When Sir John heard the clatter of hoofs in his courtyard, he hastened to the entrance, followed by his faithful steward, Gilbert. Those were terrible days when people feared to meet either friend or foe. As Gilbert lifted his torch, the light fell on the rider, and the steward exclaimed in a voice of awe, "My lord, it is the king!"

Sir John helped his trembling and exhausted monarch from the saddle, brought him hot soup and wine, and put him to bed in a room next his own. For weeks he kept the king in hiding while the enemy troops scoured the country to find him. Sir John knew that sooner or later Muncaster would be searched and that then he would be unable to hide his royal guest and would also pay with his life for his kindness. So he managed to get word to Henry's friends in Scotland, who sent a party of knights to escort the king over the border.

Before he left, Henry thanked Sir John with tears for all he had done for him. "I can in no way reward you," he said, "but I give you this cup with my benediction. So long as it remains unbroken the prosperity of your family will endure."

The cup was a curious one of glass with knobs of white and gold enamel. It came to be known as the "Luck of Muncaster."

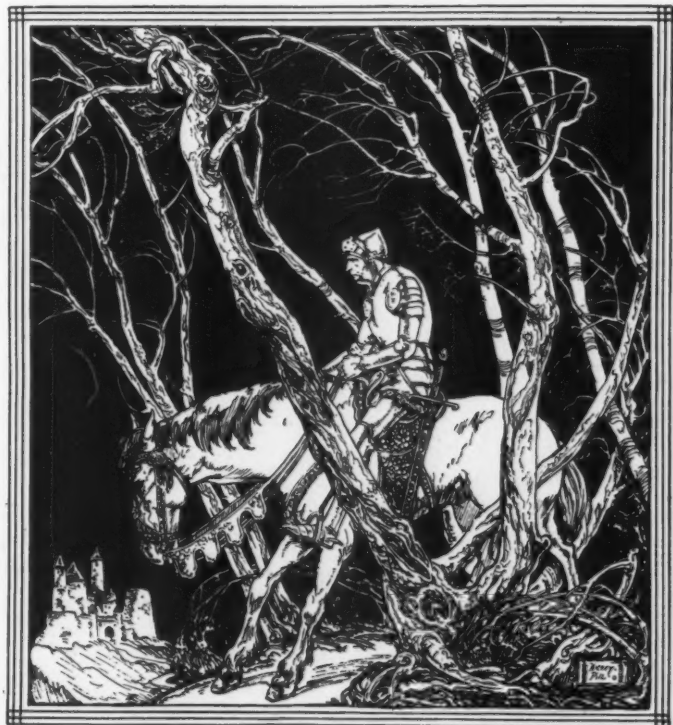
Here was a new anxiety. In those

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustration by Henry Pitz

troubled times the castle might be sacked and the cup carried off or broken. Sir John decided that it should be buried. So it was wrapped in damask and laid on a cushion in a strong oaken box bound with iron. The steward, Gilbert, buried it, and only he and Sir John knew where it lay. Sir John himself carried the key on a ribbon about his neck.

Time passed, and both Henry VI and Edward IV, his rival, lay in their tombs, and Henry VII sat on the throne of England. Peace settled over the land. At last it would be safe to dig up the buried "Luck of Muncaster." Gilbert, now an old man, was sent to disinter it, and Sir John stood by. But as Gilbert stooped to lift the box from its hiding place, whether from old age or excitement, his hands trembled so violently that he dropped it, and it fell clattering against the spade! It seemed impossible that the cup



Through the windy twilight a fugitive king sought shelter

should not be broken. When Sir John fitted the key into the lock, he faltered.

"I cannot do it," he said. "Better to remain in ignorance than to know the worst." Then he turned to his son: "I shall not open it," he said. "If after I am gone you wish to do so, that is your affair."

Poor Gilbert died of grief at having shattered the luck of his beloved family. Sir John did not long outlive him.

Sir John's son, the next lord, also feared to open the box, for the shadow of war was still upon him. "Let well-enough alone," he said, and so the "Luck of Muncaster" remained hidden. When in turn *his* son was presented with the casket, he was inclined to open it. But his uncles and aunts implored him not to. So forty years passed, and during that time, in spite of the unsettled state of the country, the Penningtons lived peacefully at Muncaster. But the family dared not go forward; they lived in fear of calamity; for if the cup were broken, then any new enterprise must come to a sad end.

In the meantime, a new Pennington had come to Muncaster. He lay in his cradle kicking his heels and trying to snatch the sunbeam above his head. They called him John after his great grandfather. He grew to be a strong, happy

boy, and though he did not know it, his young feet were planted on the threshold of a great age. Wars had ceased and people had time and interest for other things. There were new ideas in the air. The printing of books had come into existence; the hammers of shipbuilders rang in every port; beautiful dwellings arose instead of the castles and strongholds of other days. Stories of far, rich lands and islands stirred the blood.

The older Penningtons kept the story of the cup a secret from young John. "Let us not cloud the joy of his youth," they said.

But when he came of age they had to tell him of the "Luck of Muncaster," and the box was set before him. "It is for you to decide whether to open it or not, but if you love us let things continue as they are," said his elders.

John looked at them in surprise. "Forgive me," he said, "if I see this thing differently. If my luck is broken I will mend it, but if it is whole it will give me double courage for all that I undertake."

The old people shrank away, covering their faces with their hands, but John turned the key fearlessly, lifted the lid, threw back the damask and in a ringing voice cried:

"The 'Luck of Muncaster' is saved!"

For the king's cup was without a crack.

Which?

MARGARET B. CROSS

From the British Junior Red Cross Journal

As I look out of a morning
This is what I see:

Grey tower,
Blue sky
And green tree.

I see two little windows
Shine in the sun;
One window
Is open,
And shut—one.

Out of the two little houses
Come two little girls,
Red cheeks,
Bright eyes
And such curls!

She is running and jumping,
She looks merry and strong.

I see
the other
Creeping along.

She is yawning and fretful,
She doesn't want to run—

Pale face,
Heavy eyes
And no fun.

I look up at the houses,
Which of those two
Kept open
Her window?
I know—Do you?





The map on the hillside. So far, only the outlines of Europe have been completed. This picture was taken from the northern part of the British Isles with Spain stretching out to the right, Italy to the left and the Mediterranean in between them

A World Map That Covers a Hill

SYDNEY GREENBIE

A MAP is a lovely thing. My study walls are decked with maps of many colors, and I often sit and dream hours away thinking of Japan, in its coat of orange, of China in its yellow tunic, of England with its coat of red fitting so much of the earth, and of the United States with its summer garment of blue. Our old earth thus wears a coat of many colors, and I love to sit and think of these lands and their strange and various ways, and to recall experiences I have had here and there that have enriched my life.

But, still, a map is not quite an honest thing. How many of us have been fooled into thinking of the Equator as a line around the earth. The Gulf Stream—I've crossed it many times, but it never looked like the thing our maps say it is. And as for mountains being only little clumps of short hairs like those around the chair in a barber shop—why, every one knows mountains are no such things.

And yet without these maps, explorers and travelers would never have been able to find out what the world really does look like. Those of you who are able to travel now, find out. The rest of us have to believe and use our imaginations.

A wise and wealthy man has decided, however,

At the Chateau de Bures, near Paris, there is a boarding school where American boys learn their geography in a new and fascinating way

to use his imagination and his money to try to help young people to see the world more

truly as it is. He himself has traveled around the world so often that he feels he knows now pretty well what it ought to look like. To most of us who travel slowly, the world looks like a moving picture that has been "slowed down"; to Lindbergh it must have looked like a moving picture that was being run too fast. It ought to look like neither; and this wealthy American has thought that he could make it look something nearer reality by taking the knoll of a hill and slowly working it down to where it would look like the world to Admiral Peary when he stood upon the North Pole; or at least the way he could imagine it looked.

And so if you were to go to Paris today, and called Orgeval 31—and waited an hour and a half till you got some one to give you that telephone number—you would have some one at the other end answer you first in French, and then in English. He would tell you, "Oh, yes, we shall be delighted to call for you at the American Day School in Paris and bring you out to the Country School, seventeen miles away, and show you the great, big map of the world on that hill at the Chateau de Bures."

On the journey out you would sit and wonder

what a map of the world carved out of a few acres of the earth itself could possibly look like. You would watch the little French villages, surrounded by their high stone walls, flit by, and you would cross the pretty, winding little River Seine. Then you'd dash on through the big city of St. Germain-en-Laye, and glide along through the hills with the road lined with apple trees. Suddenly you'd turn to the right, and in three minutes you would be within the walls and gardens of the Chateau de Bures. And if you felt the way most boys feel, you would at once ask to be shown the map of the world.

Through the arch of the new dormitory, past the little stone church, up the hill—and lo! the whole of Europe there below you as though you were up in an airplane and were looking through a powerful reducing (not magnifying) glass. You'd have to use your imagination for a few moments, because you are accustomed to maps as things with lines and colors and words. But here you could not find the words "Europe," or "Spain," or "British Isles," or "Germany" and "Austria." The first thing you would recognize would be an enormous boot of earth outlined with concrete, and you'd say, "That's Italy." And you'd be right. After that you would not need words any more. You would follow the edges of Europe, Spain to the left, France farther up, Germany, Belgium, and way beyond, the islands of Great Britain, all carefully outlined in concrete. And, where there should be water, why, there is water, an ocean full, and rivers full, and seas full.

But here is where you would, for the present, have to use your imaginations again, for you would ask, "Where is Africa?" The Mediterranean is there all right, but Africa for the time being is only a suggestion, a dark continent, holding in the waters of that vast inland sea, while Russia, owing to questions of expense, is for the moment not yet on the map. Even so, starting his tiny craft up in the waters of the Adriatic Sea, a young Phoenician might egg his argosy on to Venice, and with many galley slaves ready to protect him, he might even journey on to Rome and to the very gates of Hebrides, the Rock of Gibraltar.

The inhabitants of this miniature Europe on the hillside at the Chateau de Bures, however, are moderns in every sense of the word. They may, for the time, know nothing of the world beyond, because it hasn't been put in yet, in concrete and in just proportions. It will be. But meanwhile these occupants, for the most part

American boys of from 7 to 17, are learning to explore Europe in their own way.

On this concrete map of Europe you will find the latest type of steam and electric engine, with "miles" of railroad tracks carrying produce, most likely made in America, from one end of Europe to the other, through tunnels, over bridges, with here and there a "giant" running after it in the form of an enthusiastic young American. He must, it is true, take the River Seine in one leap, or stand with one foot in Ireland and the other in England, but this has its advantages, for he doesn't get seasick crossing the English channel, and it isn't hard to escape a revolution in Poland or a coal strike in London, not to mention volcanoes.

Speaking of volcanoes! They are there in full force. Vesuvius and Etna, one on the instep of Italy, the other like a wart on a nose. They stand a foot or more high and are smoking as though Vulcan himself were stoking the furnace. But Vulcan, you would find, is a ten-year-old American, with sticks from the brush-heaps in the hidden garden, burning them in a protected "underworld," from which a brick flue leads up through the cones of the mountains that stand threatening this little Italy. And in the very face of this "danger," some American boy who has never tasted wine, is quite likely growing grapes on the slopes of the mountain just as the Italians have done for centuries.

On all other maps you see only rivers, roads, and names for cities, which is all very well if you are a Captain of Industry or a General in the Army. But the boys at Chateau de Bures are neither industrial magnates nor war lords, and are interested in the life of people, the kinds of houses they live in and the food and clothing they can get from the land. So if the boys want, they can build a chalet in Switzerland, a chateau in France, or a castle in Spain—build them in the work shop and set them out in their own true environment. They may plant the flowers and the shrubs where they would be most likely to grow, they may create a little world as much like the big world as their imaginations and their energies allow. And round about them, as time goes on, they will see bronze statues of the great men, the makers and the doers of the world—poets, scientists, doctors—standing in their own true native lands to inspire the growing young men to doing things themselves that will make the world a better place to live in. No doubt a bronze statue of Pasteur will before long stand on some piece of the hillside map that shows

France. Figures of Marconi and Columbus will be set up in Italy, and you can think of some of the statues that will go in the other countries.

But, you will say, "This is only a map of Europe. Where is the rest of the world?" In time that is coming, too. As the Chateau de Bures grows into an American Institution, with graduates to think of it and help it expand, the little knoll will slowly take on the larger aspect of the world. An astronomical observatory will rise upon the spot where now is a large concrete water reservoir. This reservoir stands where the North Pole is said to stand in relation to Europe. Next, looking down over the hill toward the right, the continents of North and South America will roll off to the South Pole, which unfortunately will never be put in. With the smooth waters of the Pacific in between, the continent of Asia, with the lovely and picturesque islands of Japan, will round out the dimensions of the globe. And

boys from every quarter of the earth will come to learn how to live in the modern world, will see it lying there before them as it might lie before a visitor on his way down from Mars.

Once, while I was telling some teachers about this, the voice of a woman in the balcony of the hall said: "What I want to know is why they don't take girls at this school, too, so they would have a chance to play in this game of geography." I answered that they do. While only boys live at the Chateau de Bures, there is a Day School in Paris connected with the Chateau which takes girls from 6 to 12 years of age, so that the picture of this little world is complete when little women come out to the Chateau and join in the fun and the lessons of geography. "What is a book without pictures?" asked Alice in "Wonderland," you remember. But what is a world without girls, especially when the world is a map, and a map is, after all, only a picture of the world?

Old Witch in the Pinewood

Reprinted Courtesy "My Magazine," August, 1927



AN OLD witch lives in the pinewood dark,
Her window shows like a bright red spark
When the shadows fall. With seven black kits
At her door the old witch nods and knits.
Her pussies rub 'round her skirts and purr,
And sit on her lap to sleek their fur.
With the hairs that from their coats do fall

The old witch knits black stockings small—
The tiniest stockings that ever could be;
She hangs them in hundreds, one, two, three,
And the fairies come when the moon is high,
Hose of the black cats' hairs to buy
To keep their feet all snug and dry.
They pay her with herbs for her magic brews,
Eggshell boats and seven-leagued shoes;

And fern-seed, too, in bulging sacks,
They bring to her on their bending backs.
So that the witch can walk unseen,
Through the farmer's barns, and his dairy clean;
Of eggs and butter taking her toll,
Skimming the cream from the milkmaid's bowl.
Useful gifts—but, to tell the truth,
She had rather they gave her beauty and youth.

The Children's Theatre of London

KATHERINE LYFORD

FIVE-THIRTY on Endell Street, London. There is a scurrying of feet as the line lengthens outside the gay, green door of the Children's Theatre. Boys and girls come running breathlessly from the neighboring streets, their carefully saved pennies clutched tightly; they rush to the low box office window and exchange these precious coppers for two hours of keen delight.

Here comes Joan, pigtailed flying, hoping she is not too late to get well up towards the head of the line so that she may have a seat on the front bench near her adored Miss Cook. Finding others there before her, she offers to hold one of the toddlers on her lap; for she knows that the usher will insist on placing the smallest children nearest the stage. Ronald and Harry race up from the rear of the theatre. "The pig's nose is mended," they shout, "so Miss Carter says we can have 'The Lady and the Swine.'" There are cries of relief, as there have been three sad pigless days. A group of older girls, nursemaids to all the neighborhood babies, join the line with their excited little charges hanging tight to their hands. Children in arms are admitted free, so when the door of the theatre is opened, each of these girls staggers in with an over-grown baby in her arms. A



The smallest theatre in London

few grown-ups and some children with their parents or nurses (who enviously watch the merry crowd sitting in the threepenny unreserved seats) enter and fill up the reserved places.

Five-forty-five, and they are all temporarily settled—babies and toddlers on the front benches, with others arranged according to height behind them and the grown-ups farther in the rear. Miss Cook seats herself at the piano and is greeted by Joan, who has somehow wormed her way to the front, and—the curtains part. First there is the "Knight Whose Armor Didn't

Squeak," a delightful new number which is greeted with enthusiastic squeals of laughter. Then comes "Wot Cheer," and during the chorus of this the players are entirely drowned out by the children, who lustily shout the words of this old song they know and love so well. There are thrills of pretended fear during the fire in "Matilda," and hoots at the successful attempts of the Fire Brigade to put out the fire with a "Fly Tox" sprayer; and the pig's nose being most cleverly mended, they all grunt with the Swine when the Lady coquettishly tickles him with her peacock feather.

Intermission finds the audience rather a jumble. Benches seating six are now overflowing with ten, and it seems impossible to regulate traffic near the popular Miss Cook. The patient usher, who is also the author of some of the sketches, re-sorts the children in time for the curtains to open on "The Dutch Doll." A more enthusiastic and helpful audience cannot be found in all London. When Mother Dormer searches vainly for the wooden horse her husband is carving, they cry out "It's under the table." As a white paper is thrust through the door at old Fritz Dormer, they shout "It's a letter, upside down," and when he reads out "impedence" they give hoots of "independence, independence." Then comes "The Coasts of High Barbary," a pirate ballad. Ronald and Harry will spend the



A scene from the ballad, "Petticote, Petticote, Pigs in a Well," which is one of the children's favorites

next few weeks trying to make a full rigged brigantine like that of the pirates, with masts that collapse when fired on by the king's ship. There are also gay little songs supposed to be sung by Miss Cook, but they have long since become the property of the children, who under her guidance have learned to sing them very sweetly. Last of all, and no person in this audience is ever known to leave before the curtains close on it, there is that old favorite "When Father Laid the Carpet on the Stairs." Father's frantic, helpless struggles with the slippery roll of red carpet are always quite as funny as the first time they saw them, and the children clap and chant together the last lines of the song, "So dear Mother laid the carpet on the stairs."

Seven-thirty, and Ronald, Harry and Joan, with the other children, are hurrying for home and bed. The sleepy toddlers are hustled along by their older sisters and brothers who are talking excitedly about the performance. "I love the Dutch Doll and her funny, funny dance," a little girl says, and is scoffed at by her brother, who insists, "the pirate song is a jolly sight better." "I'll never forget Dick Whittington," cries an earnest voice; another adds "And his cat." One and all they start to chatter about "Dick" who appeared in the Christmas pantomime in which the clever little actress who played the part of the Cat convinced her audience that black cats are lucky and most certainly have nine lives.

Bedtime is only one reason why the Children's Theatre closes its green door at seven-thirty. Another is that the actors and actresses who take part in these performances are also playing in the theatres for grown-ups, and so the only time they can give the Children's Theatre are the hours between afternoon and evening shows. Among them is a young Australian actress, Miss Joan Luxton, who with Miss Loweson, a Scotch friend, decided to give London children a chance to see fairy tales, legends and old ballads in a theatre built especially for them. These two were so enthusiastic that soon their friends, many of them the finest actors and actresses in London, offered to take part in the plays without receiving any pay.

The next need was the theatre; a shop was bought and re-



"The Knight Whose Armor Didn't Squeak" was a new piece which the children greeted with enthusiastic squeals of laughter

built as a theatre to seat 125, the smallest in London. Benches of all heights were made to accommodate the very short legs of toddlers, the somewhat longer ones of the juniors and the almost grown-up lengths of boys and girls in their teens. As the actors and actresses are giving their services free, it has been possible to keep the price of seats so low that by saving a few pennies any London child can attend. At first there were only the children who lived very near the Children's Theatre, then some others heard and began to come often; soon teachers learned of it and large groups of boys and girls filled the seats on the afternoons of their "school treat." In the meantime some grown-ups had begun to come regularly, and the story of this little theatre was carried to the children of France, Australia, Norway, Finland and the United States. Not

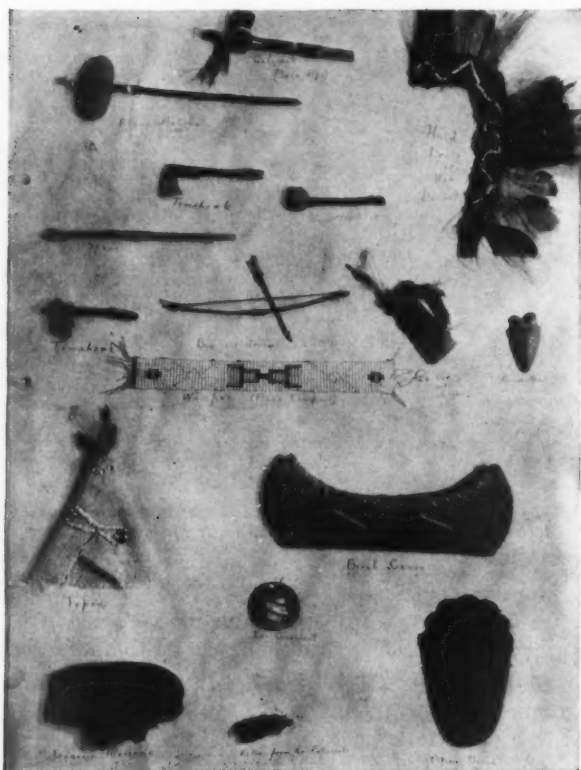
long ago the seats at one performance were entirely filled with American boys and girls, for there are many of them living in London. How they loved it! And I rather think that if you went to the Children's Theatre and saw "The Knight Whose Armor Didn't Squeak," "Dick Whittington," "Robin a Thrush" or "Matilda" your first question would be the same as mine: "When can I go again?"

MUMMY, please, can you change a cent for me?"
 "How am I to change that?"
 "Into a dollar, please."

—From "Radost," Czechoslovakia.



Joan Luxton, a young Australian actress, decided to open the Children's Theatre



Pages from An

FROM among the hundreds of fine Headquarters in the past year or have chosen these pictures to show which children in different parts of our The picture directly above was in Bridgeport, Connecticut. With it was Whittington and His Cat."

"The Western Mockingbird" in the booklet on "Birds of California" which Polytechnic Elementary School of Pasadena was illustrated with a photograph, just

The miniature totem pole (right) covered album made by pupils of the

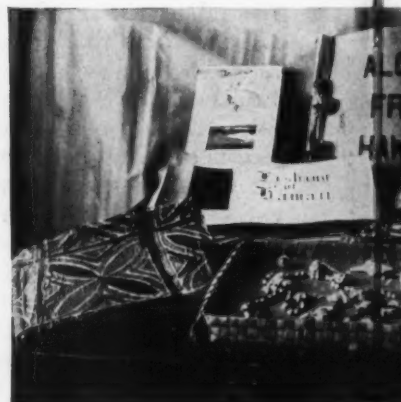
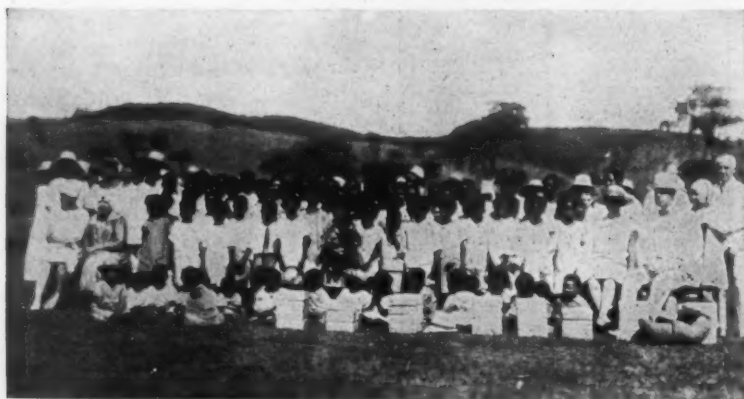
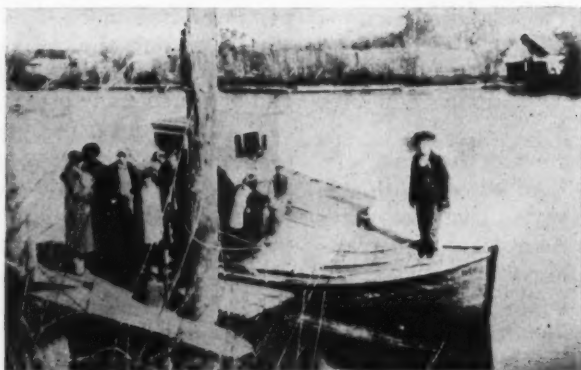
Directly below is an exhibit of school The cover of the left hand album is a bow tapa is made from mulberry bark

One page of an album from the Har miniature samples of all sorts of Indian made, of course, by children who are q canoes. They went to children in Ja strange.

Peter Totemoff, with his bow and an erment School for Natives in Cordov go to South Africa.

The arrival of the Junior Red Cross apparently a great event. This picture Grant School on St. Thomas was in a "Our Home," "Our School" and "W day," one letter said, "the Red Cross dren who are not well. She taken us Cross is our Santa Claus. When I pro

"THE School Boat" was an illustration for a letter entitled "The Story of Our School and Our Community" in an album made by the Midland School of Clatskanie, Oregon. "Our schoolhouse," the letter said, "stands on the dike of a small island, about seven miles in circumference, in the Columbia River. . . . Some of the children live on small islands which surround this larger island, while others live near the schoolhouse."





American Albums

of fine albums which have gone through National year on their way to your friends abroad, we to show a few of the many different kinds of things of our country have to tell about.

was in an album from the Mapewood School in which it was an account of their performance of "Dick

in the upper right hand corner, is one page of a "dia" which was included in an album made by the of Pasadena, California. Each page of the booklet graph, just as this one is.

(right) was tied by leather thongs to a sledge of the Salem Indian School in Chemawa, Oregon. It of school correspondence material from Hawaii. um is of tapa cloth, and inside is a description of berry bark.

the Hardin Grade School in Hardin, Montana, held of Indian things (upper right corner). They were who are quite familiar with Indian tepees and birch in Japan to whom the things must seem quite

w and arrow, is one of the pupils in the U. S. Gov- Cordova, Alaska. This school made an album to

Red Cross Christmas boxes in the Virgin Islands is his picture (lower left corner) of the Ulysses S. was in an album in which the pupils told about and "What the Red Cross Does for Us." "Every d Cross nurse visits our school. She cares for chil- takes us to the dentist. But best of all, the Red en I grow up I want to be a Red Cross nurse."



The Western Mockingbird

The western Mockingbird is one of the most familiar of all western birds. It is known everywhere not only for its own beautiful song but for being able to mock the songs and notes of other birds.

The Mockingbird's nest is built in bushes and thickets, a vine

covered arbor

being a very

choice place. It

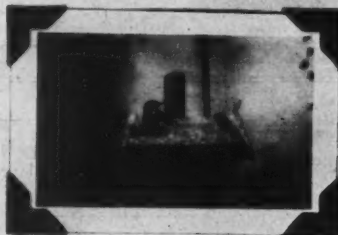
is quite bulky

and is made of

sticks, roots, grass and small pieces of string and

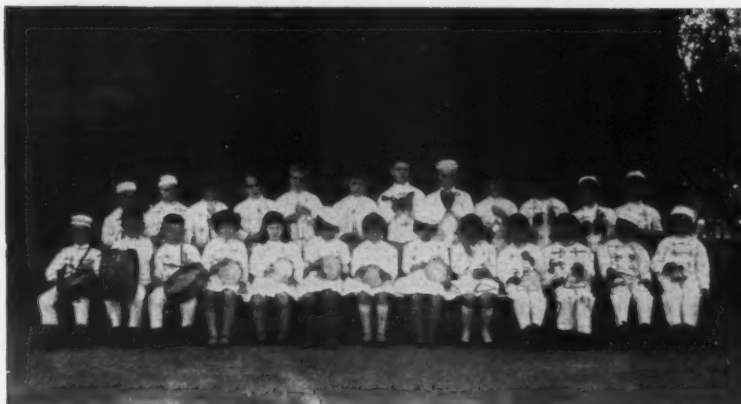
hair.

The Mockingbird is of great value to man as its food consists partly of insects. These birds are found through California and southward to Texas.



(Above) The group at Skokie School in Winnetka, Illinois, which had charge of collecting material for a school album

(Below) The Baby Band of Ogden School in Beaumont, Texas



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Every brave man is a man of his word.

—CORNEILLE

YOUR PROMISE

A PROMISE is a sacred thing. When you become a member of the American Junior Red Cross you make a promise. You say in your Pledge:

"We believe in service for others, health of mind and body to fit us for better service, and in world-wide friendship. For this reason we are joining the American Junior Red Cross. We will help to make its work successful in our school and community, and will work together with Juniors everywhere in our own and other lands."

You see, you undertake to *do*, not just to be. Your membership button says "I Serve" and you earn that by *doing* something. Then, maybe, you think that is all there is to your membership. But it isn't. You really have the right to wear that button and to have a place as one of the band of 11,000,000 boys and girls enrolled as Junior Red Cross members in 48 countries of the world only in one way. And that is by continuing to do things for others, at home, in your school, in your community, in your country and in the world. In the United States there are now 6,529,252 school boys and girls enrolled in the Junior Red Cross. What a real effect you would have if, straight through the year ahead, each single one of you and six and a half million all together, resolved to live up to the promise you have made in joining!

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"OUR ITALIANS"

THIS is the title of a letter in an album from the Worthington Hooker School, New Haven, Connecticut, to a school in Italy. We think it fits in nicely with Columbus Day on the twelfth of this month. The first paragraph is from "The Cart of Many Colors" which the class had read and liked, and they voted to copy it for the album to Italy:

"Columbus and Vespucci are not the only Italians who ever discovered America. In 1914, before the Great War, one and one-third millions of Italians had discovered our country, and were scattered all over it, east and west and south and north. There were Italians in the vineyards and orchards of California; there were Italians in the strawberry fields and on the cotton plantations of Louisiana. They were making vegetables grow in New Jersey and New England. They were digging our sewers and subways and building our railroads all over our great United States. They were crowded into our cities in colonies which were themselves like foreign cities set in the midst of our Boston, our New York, our Chicago, Philadelphia and St. Louis. There were one-third of a million Italians in New York City alone. One-fourth of all the Italians in the country were living in this one American city. Sometimes a whole village would leave Italy and settle in one New York street. Then that street would be transformed, just as if an Italian fairy had touched it with her fairy magic wand; and little Italian shops full of macaroni and polenta and olive oil would spring up in the basements of the tenement houses; and all the signs over the little shops would be in Italian; and all the babies would have dark Italian eyes and shy Italian smiles; and all the people in the street would talk and laugh and sing in Italian; and out of all the doorways would come the smell of Italian cooking. Sometimes at night the whole street would be decked and garlanded with little electric lights, red and white and green, to celebrate the birthday of the Italian saint who used to be the guardian spirit of the old village in Italy, and who, of course, had emigrated with his villagers when they came to the new world."

"T. A. Daly, the American poet, has written delightful poems describing just such communities in our cities, and some of us who liked these poems the best of any that we studied this year have formed a T. A. Daly Group. At the program in the Assembly Hall tomorrow we are going to recite:

Between Two Loves	Miss Carlotta
Carlotta's Indecision	An Italian King
Leetla Giorgio Washington	

"We voted for the things in Italy we would like most to know about. The following received the highest number of votes:

The canals of Venice	Mr. Mussolini
The pigeons of St. Marks	The Fascisti
The bronze doors by Ghiberti	The Vatican
Giotto's Tower	St. Peter's
Michael Angelo's "David"	Italian Songs

"We hope you will tell us about them."

The April earthquakes in Bulgaria caused intense suffering in and near Stanimaka



In Philippopolis over 200,000 people were without shelter and had to camp on the streets

In the Nick of Time

FIVE hundred children were standing dazed in a Bulgarian courtyard. Months before, because of changes in boundaries, they had had to leave their old homes and cross into Bulgaria from Greek territory. Times had been hard. Often their fathers had been unable to find work. And so to these children the courtyard had become the brightest spot in all the overcrowded town of Stanimaka; for here each day they had come for perhaps their one meal. And they had just been told that the canteen must close. With great effort it had been kept open for the past month; now there was just no more money to buy food. The little refugees burst out crying. That was too much for the young woman in charge, and tears rolled down her cheeks, too. And the old cook, a refugee herself, joined in with her sobs.

Then, almost as if this were a fairy tale instead of a true story, a wonderful thing happened. In the midst of the lamentations arrived Miss Jordano-ovitch, the head of the Bulgarian Junior Red Cross, and in her hand was the \$850, transformed, of course, into Bulgarian *leva*, which the Junior Red Cross in the United States had sent from their National Children's Fund for

relief in Bulgaria. So the canteen was kept open.

About a year ago Miss Mary Concannon, a representative of the American Junior Red Cross, visited the canteen at Stanimaka and wrote this about it:

"We arrived at the relief center about the noon hour and entered the flag-stoned court with its shadowing fig trees. . . . But the children! There they stood in lines, having washed their hands at the bubbling fountain in the wall, sniffing the tantalizing odor of their one meal a day. Inside, the bare wooden tables held for each one a huge bowl of thick, green bean soup and a quarter loaf of black bread. Silently they slid down the benches and fell to, twenty at a table—thin little youngsters most of them, and most of them quite ravenous. I spied a gray-faced lassie of ten with huge brown eyes and deep hollowed

cheeks sitting with folded hands before three-quarters of her hunk of bread and the greater portion of her bowl of soup. Why was she not eating? She 'could not eat more'; 'was not feeling well.' What then would happen to her portion? Ah, that was the secret! She would take it home. Each day Kata fell 'ill' just when she had eaten a third of her soup and bread, and nothing could induce her to eat more. Were there not three small brothers at home, to say nothing of her mother and the father who worked only now and then because there was no work to be had regularly? She alone was on the list. Poor baby! Five *leva* (a *leva* is worth seven-tenths of a cent) was the cost of the meal she was served.



Bulgarian Juniors went every day to the Red Cross canteen in Stanimaka to help clean the courtyard and prepare the beans and rice for the refugees

"Little Kata's self-denial was surpassed by that of a small boy, younger and even hungrier, judging by his looks, who had poured all his soup into a tall pitcher for the mother at home. How he resisted the temptation of the fragrance steaming into his nostrils is beyond my understanding. Perhaps his position with his back pressed hard against the wall helped."

Long before the money came from America the Juniors of Stanimaka had been raising funds for the canteen in all sorts of ways, and every single day a committee of them helped with the work there. Miss Concannon saw them sluicing out the courtyard with buckets of water, scrubbing and setting tables and sorting and preparing beans and rice.

Furthermore, those Bulgarian Juniors did not grow tired and give up. For last spring a representative from the League of Red Cross Societies in Paris visited Stanimaka and wrote back:

"Miss Jordanovitch and I arrived at the Stanimaka canteen unannounced. 'Today is a very special holiday,' she explained. 'I am afraid there will be no Juniors at the canteen. But what can we expect? They are only children and it is the first lovely weather we have had this spring, and a school holiday, besides!'

"I agreed, longing myself to be free to find my way up the beautiful gorge of a tumbling river that cut athwart high mountains just the other side of the village. Imagine our delighted surprise to find a dozen high school girls in the canteen kitchen cheerfully sorting and cleaning a huge mass of beans, 'for the morrow's soup,' they explained. And they added, 'Oh, we couldn't miss our turn to help.

This is our week on duty here. We enjoy the work. It is wonderful to see how the younger children have grown bright-eyed and pink-cheeked since they have been coming here every day. Besides, you know, some of the refugees themselves help us. They are Juniors, too, for lots of the refugees have joined the Junior Red Cross.'

"In Philippopolis, twelve miles from Stanimaka, I also visited a canteen to which a portion of last year's National Children's Fund had been given. Junior members, refugees from the schools of the city, are allowed to come in turn, but each child can come for only two months at a time. It is told that during the first weeks of the canteen when the first sixty fortunate ones were fed, there would often be sixty or seventy others standing outside, looking in the window, 'Because, they said, 'even if we can't eat, it does us good to see the others.' But when at last these outsiders had their turn, some of them burst into tears when they saw the faces at the window. 'We know what it feels like to be on the outside just looking in,' they explained. Well, when that story went around the city, the Juniors of Philippopolis got busy so that a larger number of refugee children might be 'inside.' One group actually raised 25,000 *leva*."

Just after that was written, a fearful earthquake struck Bulgaria, bringing frightful destruction and distress to Philippopolis and Stanimaka. Some of those very Juniors now need aid themselves. So you see why this year, more than ever, you will want to remember to keep up your National Children's Fund, so as to send more help to those brave fellow Juniors of Bulgaria.

Presence of Mind

THE children were gathered around the fire in Grandmother's room, when the door opened suddenly and Charles came in.

"Grandmother," he said quickly, "what is presence of mind?"

"To have presence of mind is to be able to get out of any difficulty," replied Marie, his eldest sister.

"I didn't ask you," said Charles sharply. "I want Grandmother to explain it to me."

"Yes, dear," said Grandmother. "But Marie is quite right. I will tell you a story as an illustration."

AUGUSTA KROOK

Illustrations by Alice Acheson



"Grandmother," he said, "what is presence of mind?"

The children formed a circle round the old lady, who began:

"Fifty years ago, there was a young man in France, who lost his parents when he was very young. He had been well educated, but the

small sum inherited from his parents was nearly gone before he had finished his studies. He would be an architect in a few years and then he could easily earn the money necessary for the home he hoped to make. To earn the money he needed to complete his studies, he decided to work during the summer as an ordinary mason in the city where he lived.

"He got work on the building of a high factory chimney. He sat at the top of the chimney and the bricks and mortar were sent up to him by a lift; but the top where he sat could only be reached by scaffolding built on the outside face of the chimney. In those days they did not have staircases inside the factory chimneys as they do now.

"On his last day on the job it was cold up there, in spite of the sun, but he worked joyfully, whistling all the while. Tomorrow the work would be finished, and he could go back to his studies again. He had earned a nice little sum that summer, and if he could find some work near his school, perhaps his hopes could be realized. . . .

"What was that? There was a loud noise, the chimney shook so that he nearly lost his balance and a cloud of dust enveloped him.

"As soon as he could make out what had happened he found that he was still sitting on his high perch with one leg in the chimney pipe and the other outside; but the scaffolding had fallen. He was separated from the rest of humanity! His head whirled and he clung to the masonry, so as not to fall.

"A crowd had already assembled below. What should he do? Everybody was shouting at the top of their voices. Old Director P., owner of the factory, appeared in the midst of the crowd. He raised his arms and silenced the people. 'My friends,' he said, 'a great misfortune has happened. It will take two days to rebuild the scaffolding and the young man can never bear the cold and lack of food and sleep for so long, in his uncomfortable position. I will give a handsome reward to anyone who can suggest a way to get him down within the next twenty-four hours.'

"A young girl came out from the crowd, her eyes shining in her pale face. 'Shall I get the reward if I find a way of saving him?' she asked. 'Yes, my child,' replied the Director.

"The girl stretched out her arms and the crowd involuntarily drew back. When she was standing alone, she made signs to the mason to attract his attention. Then she took off a shoe and stocking and began slowly to unravel the stocking. The young man up above had already grasped her meaning. He succeeded in taking off his shoe and sock. He broke the thread with his teeth and then unravelled the sock, tied a little mortar to the end of the thread and let it down. When the end touched the ground, several hands were waiting to attach a string to it which the mason slowly drew up. A cord was



The girl took off her shoe and stocking and began slowly to unravel the stocking

tied to the string and to that a thicker rope, which he fixed round the chimney.

"Cautiously he let himself down by the rope, and when he reached the ground there were great cheers from the crowd. The girl threw herself into his arms. They both forgot the thousands of people around them.

"'Thank you, my dear child, for your presence of mind!' the Director said tenderly."

Grandmother said no more.

"Would she have saved him even without a reward?" asked someone.

"Surely," replied Grandmother quickly.

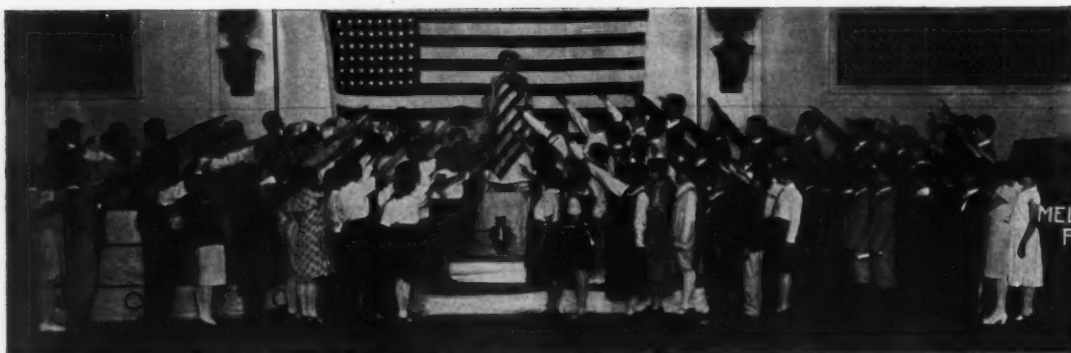
"I should have gone to fetch him in an aeroplane!" cried the youngest child. The others laughed—"It was fifty years ago," said one.

"Did this really happen in France, Grandmamma?" asked Marie.

"Grandmother," whispered Charles, "what was the name of the girl?"

"Who knows!" said Grandmother, smiling.

This story is reprinted courtesy Jul-Lottan, Helsingfors.



A scene from "Open Door," a world friendship play made up and given by the graduating 8th graders of the Franklin School of St. Louis

Junior Meetings and Programs

WHETHER you have a council or not, a Junior meeting is always enjoyable. And there are so many different ways of having meetings. Everywhere Juniors are working out with their teachers the kind of meeting that just suits their school or class, club or council, so that they may better live up to the pledge all Juniors share.

The beautifully kept Minute Book of the Blairsville School of Posey County, Indiana, shows the attendance record of their twenty members, the order of business, minutes for three meetings and the secretary's and treasurer's financial reports. The minutes for October 7 read:

"The Junior Red Cross met in regular session with the Chairman, Charles Graul, presiding. The roll was called and all members were present except Shirley Simpson. The minutes were read and approved. A motion was made and seconded that we send a Christmas box to Indian children; the motion was carried. A motion was made and seconded that the secretary send for two Christmas boxes; the motion was carried. A motion was made and seconded that we decide at noon what to send. The secretary received 43¢, paid out 43¢ and has no money on hand. The treasurer collected 22¢ from Armand Motz and 43¢ from the secretary and paid out 50¢, which leaves a balance of 15¢.

"No more business appearing, the session adjourned to meet again when called by the Chairman.

HELEN SUTTNER, Secretary."

Every week in some of the Chattanooga schools in Tennessee the Juniors have a classroom club meeting. The first week in the month it is a Health Meeting; the second week, a Safety Meeting; the third, a Who's Who Meeting (about several people who have been useful in the world), and the fourth, a Service Meeting

(about Junior activities and the Service Fund). At the Horace Mann School, Bisbee, Arizona, one home room period each month is taken for reading articles and stories in the Junior Red Cross magazine. Another kind of meeting that some Juniors have is a Work Meeting, for making gifts or needed articles. Sometimes they spend an hour on hand-work after the business meeting.

It would be a poor year that did not include some Junior platform programs. These give a chance for bigger audiences and more impressive features like tableaux and plays. Here, for instance, is one given last spring at the English Avenue School in Atlanta, Georgia:

ASSEMBLY PROGRAM—APRIL 5, 1928

1. Devotional Exercises.
2. Red Cross Pledge and Song—Junior Red Cross officers and grade officers.
3. How We Join the Junior Red Cross—Ellene Terry (our President).
4. What Becomes of Junior Money—Florence Hammett (our Vice-President).
5. How English Avenue Has Served.
 - a. Tin-foil Collection.
 - b. Making Jelly for the Soldiers.
 - c. Christmas Boxes.

Our Share.
 Foreigners Expecting Them.
 What the Little Boxes Said to the Foreign Children (Sept., 1927, News).
 - d. Our Work at Hospital 48.
 - e. Remembering Children at Battle Hill.
 - f. Supplying Sunday Papers at Grady Hospital.
 - g. Quilt Squares for Mississippi Flood Sufferers.
 - h. Our Part in World Peace.
 - i. A Wrong Thought (Sept., 1927, News).
 - j. Harmonica Club Playing for Hospital 48.
6. A Play: "Everybody's Flag" (Nov., 1927, News).



Last Christmas Porto Rican Juniors sent 4,334 Christmas boxes and 205 gifts too large for the cartons overseas

News of Juniors Here and There

A CLASS in Chattanooga acknowledged a first international school correspondence album from Burgenland, Austria, with this letter, that must have made the Austrian pupils feel their beautiful work was appreciated:

"DEAR FAR-AWAY FRIENDS:

"We were certainly thrilled when we received your lovely portfolio. The letters were so interesting. Several teachers used them for reading lessons. You may be sure the boys and girls enjoyed it. The drawing and things were lovely. We can not do half as well.

"The portfolio has been in every school in Chattanooga and Hamilton County. Thousands of boys and girls have seen it.

"We are planning to send one in return but it will be near the close of the year before we can get it ready. We sincerely hope that you will get as much pleasure out of it as we did from yours.

"YOUR AMERICAN FRIENDS,
Grade Six, Clifton Hill School."

AND this from the Washington School, Caldwell, Idaho, to the Volkshule, Grundsee, Austria, shows the value of keeping up one correspondence long enough for several exchanges:

"Our correspondence with you has covered three years, hasn't it? And how much we have enjoyed it! Among our most cherished possessions are the pretty pictures of your lake and town, the sprays of rue from your gardens and edelweiss from your mountains and your very entertaining letters and descriptions. We feel almost as if we had made a visit to picturesque Grundsee."



Hope Hennessy, who for ten years has been a member of the Junior Red Cross

THE Midway School at Tracy, California, has only ten pupils, but they saved ten dollars last year for the National Children's Fund. Last spring they held a Junior birthday party, inviting their parents to hear about their work. They had a cake with ten candles.

YOU remember that one of the things the National Children's Fund does is to pay for transporting and distributing the Christmas boxes overseas to the children in Europe, our islands, and this year to Turkey and Japan.

BY REGISTERED mail we received last spring a really precious "Ten Year" book with a big Red Cross on the cover. Inside are records of the meetings of the Junior Red Cross at Bolinas School, Marin County, California, since it was started August 16, 1918, right straight through to January 11, 1928, when the



The Junior Committee of Forrest City, Ark., Grammar School heard of a woman with tuberculosis who could not buy the eggs her doctor ordered her to eat. So they solicited chickens from fellow pupils and gave her a "Red Cross unit of six hens and a rooster"

Bolinas Juniors let their book go to Washington, with the promise that it would be taken care of and returned. Besides the minutes of the meetings, there are pasted into the book letters received from time to time from Red Cross officials and others, acknowledging contributions or portfolios or services.

The Bolinas School now has seventy pupils and one of the letters acknowledges receipt of \$5 for the Mississippi Flood Fund, something to be proud of. In fact, the whole record is something to be proud of and we are greatly obliged to these Juniors for letting us see it.

ALL five grade schools of Kittery, Maine, York County Chapter, have been doing Junior work since the War and of course they were given Ten Year Certificates. One of the Kittery pupils, Hope Hennessy, has been a Junior all that time. She was six when she joined the Junior Red Cross and now she is seventeen and nearly ready to graduate from the Traipe Academy.

THIRTY-FOUR Westchester County, New York, schools received Ten Year Certificates. Eight of these have a county Junior banner for being organized more than three years, carrying on both local and foreign activities and having the whole school contributing.

WHEN the St. Francis Dam broke in the Santa Clara river valley in Califor-

nia last spring and the rushing waters swept away many homes, the Pomona Juniors pieced and sewed a quilt, which they sent through the Red Cross with a note, "Please give this with our love to some family where there are children." In the valley were a father and mother and four children and a little new baby, who had lost everything of their own. The quilt went to this family and the mother wrote, "I wish to express my heartfelt appreciation to the children of Pomona School for the kindness shown me and my children during our time of distress. May this letter with its simple words be interpreted as coming from my heart."

With the funds that California Juniors raised for this disaster a playground was opened at Santa Paula for children of the flood region, especially those living in the Red Cross Tent Colony, who had no toys and nowhere to play. Here during the summer months two trained leaders helped 500 children to have jolly times.

DOWN in Mississippi the colored Juniors of the Dunbarton, Colony, Eaglenest and Grace Schools in Issaquena County were making quilts to sell. When they heard how much disaster sufferers far away needed bed-covers they sent one quilt to Bulgaria and one to California. The Colony School wrote with theirs:

"We, the pupils of the Union Grove Red Cross Chapter, gladly give this quilt to the children of California. We can sympathize with you because we have undergone the same disaster."

APENNY lunch was started last September in a small rural school in the Virgin Islands, where the children have a long walk to reach school. The Red Cross gave pots and pans, towels and cups, and some of the children bring their own bowls and spoons. Virgin Islands Juniors contributed about \$40.00 for the Mississippi flood disaster.

CANADIAN JUNIORS in New Brunswick do little things day by day. Here are a few of them, which they call their "Community Work":

"We ran errands, mailed letters and did other little things for people.

"Sold the Canadian Red Cross Junior to show the community what the Juniors are doing.



Juniors of the Shiloh School in Sharkey County, Miss., earned money for their Junior Membership by picking cotton in a field next to their school

"Sent flowers to a hospital. Sawed wood for a sick neighbor.

"Carried water for a lady who is lame. Took care of a sick lady.

"Chased a cow out of a man's yard.

"Gave a pint of milk every day for a month to a sick returned soldier.

"On May first we hung a May basket containing candy and nuts on the door of an English family who had just moved into the district."

ONE of the largest grade schools of Ann Arbor, Michigan, asks the Juniors to win their buttons by deeds of Good Citizenship; Service and Self-Sacrifice; Service for Classmates; Reverence for Old People. A Committee on Standards has charge and decides whether a Junior has earned his button.

IN THE Junior Contests for Indian Schools last spring the following schools won prizes:

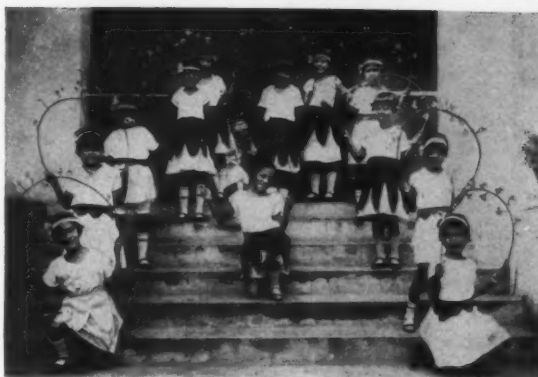
For Junior Service Booklets: 1st prize, Chilocco Indian School, Oklahoma; 2nd prize, Blackrock Sanitorium, New Mexico; 3rd prize, United States Industrial School, Arizona.

For "Speak English" Posters: 1st prize, St. Anthony's Indian School, New Mexico; 2nd prize, Blackrock Sanitorium; 3rd prize, Western Navajo Indian School, Arizona; Pawnee Indian School, Oklahoma, and Rehoboth Mission School, New Mexico.

For "Better Indian Homes" Essays: 1st prize, not awarded; 2nd prize, Chilocco School; 3rd prize, Grand Portage Day School, Minnesota.

The Indian schools were allowed to choose what they would like most as prizes for all to enjoy. Most of them chose books, but one asked for a basket ball, some rubber balls and a hectograph and another one chose a picture, "The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

"AT HALLOWE'EN," writes the Mineral School in Idaho, "we gave a small program and a party, at which we Juniors passed the refreshments, with Red Crosses on our aprons and head bands. We also made appropriate invitations and black and orange paper hats. The two who had hats alike were supper partners."



On the outskirts of Manila, in the Philippine Islands, is a school for the Deaf and Blind. The children there do all sorts of interesting things in spite of their handicaps. These little girls dance in perfect time to music they cannot hear. The orchestra is composed entirely of blind boys. Recently some Juniors of Salem, Mass., sent \$25 to buy books for the school library

ROUMANIAN children at the Ferdinand Primary School Health Center in Bucharest have a health rule that asks, "Did you drink something hot and eat something before you started to school?" One morning a Junior Red Cross worker visited them and asked if they had kept the rule. All the pupils said yes, except one little girl, who began to cry. Her father was very ill, it seemed, her mother unable to work, and she and her five brothers and sisters had absolutely nothing to eat. How could she keep the health rule? All of her classmates tried to help, but they were poor, too. Next day the worker

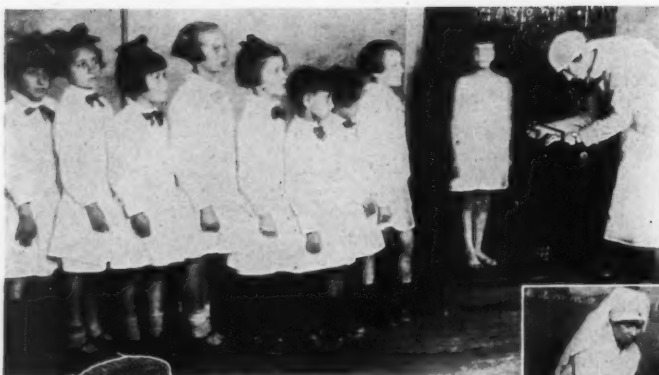
told this story to a class at the Girls' Secondary School, and they immediately arranged to send food and clothes to the family and take care of them.

This Health Center is one of several which American Juniors have helped to start in Roumania through the National Children's Fund. Playing the health game every day with the aid of the school doctor and nurse, the Ferdinand children soon grew much stronger. Their mothers reported that now they washed all over without being reminded, aired the room and brushed their teeth without grumbling.

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IN THE schools of Bucharest where the Health Game is being played the health of the children is much improved. A school doctor and a school nurse are in charge; tonsils, adenoids and teeth are looked after; the nurse weighs the children (left) and visits their parents. Five hundred dollars of your National Children's Fund was used to help start this school health demonstration in the Ferdinand Primary School. The work has spread to other schools in Bucharest and now money from your Fund is helping with similar health work in the village of Liteni.



DINU (left) is a beautiful Roumanian doll, two and one-half feet high, dressed in typical Roumanian costume by two Roumanian Juniors, Irene and Ileana Sturdza. They sent him to Washington where he now lives in a special case of his own in the Junior exhibit at Red Cross National Headquarters.

IT IS the custom of the peasants in Roumania to call their cattle home with a great wooden cow-born called a "boojum." Boojums (below) are so long and so heavy that it is usual to play them sitting on the ground.



ACOUNTRY home (below) in the mountains of Roumania. The peasant owners vie with each other in the delicacy and elaborateness of the carving which they do themselves.



IN THE cities of Roumania the people dress just as any western people do, but in the country costumes vary according to different localities. Girls go to school in a "fota," or skirt, of brightly colored woolen homespun over a white linen chemise with bands of embroidery on the sleeves. Boys wear a short white tunic bound with a scarf over their white trousers and even in summer a tall black lambswool cap. Dinu (above) has on such a cap, but his suit is his best one and far more elaborate than his school clothes would be. The little girls (above) are dancing what in Roumania is called the "bora." In Jugoslavia the same dance is called the "kola."

